

ALL IN COLOUR - MAKES LEARNING A JOY

Once Upon a Time

EVERY WEDNESDAY No 7 • 29th MARCH 1969 PRICE 1/3

THIS IS A BABY RABBIT

There are more pictures of baby animals on
pages 4 and 5.



CINDERELLA and the Glass Slipper



1. When Cinderella had run away from the Palace as the clock struck midnight, she had left one of her glass slippers behind her. The handsome Prince had said that he would marry the girl whose foot fitted the glass slipper.

2. Everybody soon heard about the Prince's promise and every unmarried maiden in the land hurried to the Palace. There they formed a long queue. They all thought they had tiny feet and some fell to arguing as to whose foot was the smallest.



3. Cinderella's stepmother took her two daughters to join the queue. "You both have small feet," she said. "The glass slipper is bound to fit one of you." When Cinderella joined the queue, her sisters shouted "Go home" and pushed her away.



4. But Cinderella refused to go and when her stepmother and ugly stepsisters entered the Palace, she was right behind them. Both of the stepsisters tried hard to put their feet into the glass slipper. But their feet were far too big.



5. Again they tried until at last the Prince had to tell them it was no use. Then, turning, he happened to see Cinderella. Something about her reminded him of his lost Princess and he beckoned her to him.

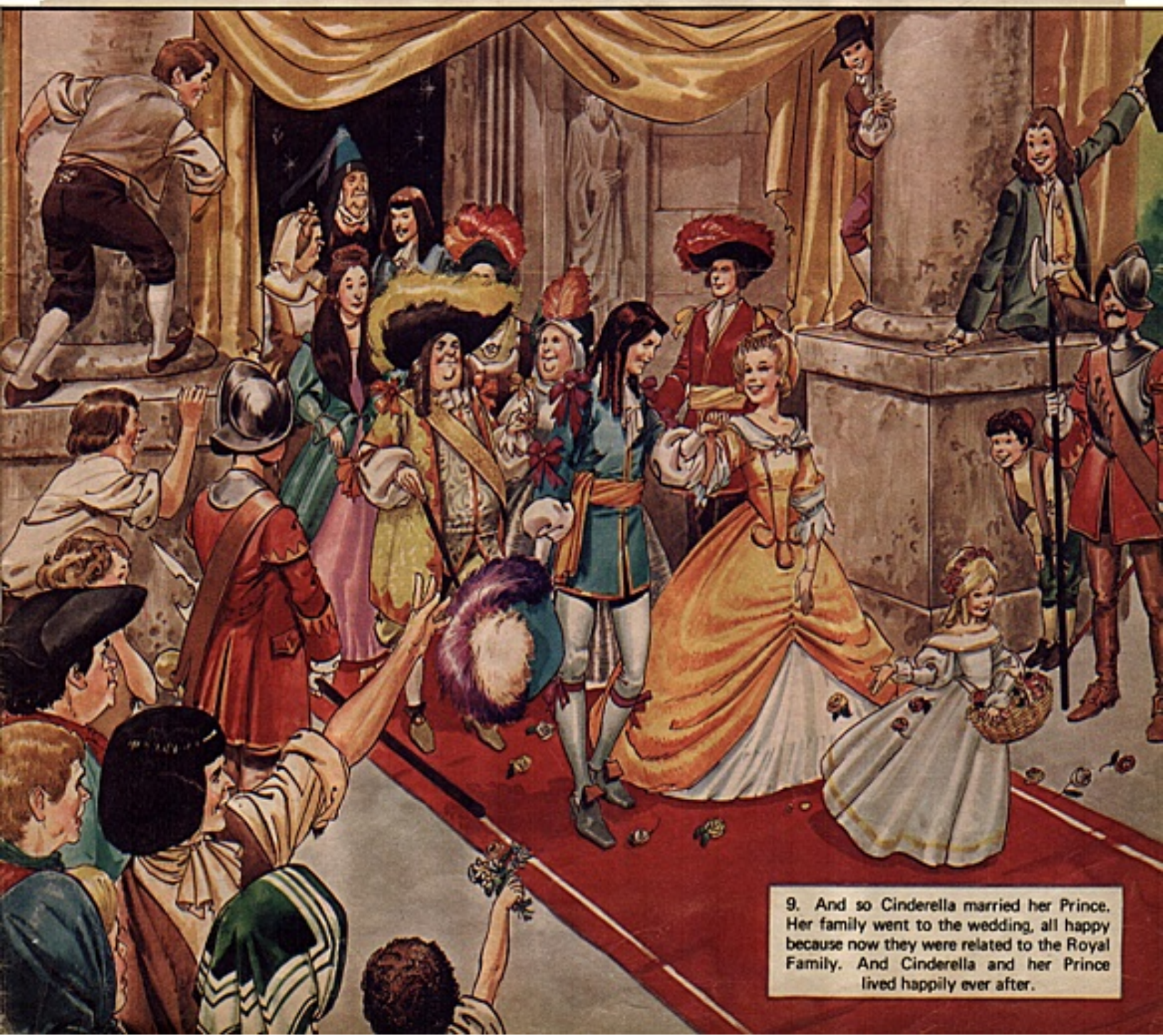


6. "I would like you to see if the glass slipper will fit your foot," he smiled and Cinderella's heart leapt as she looked deep into his gentle eyes. Her foot slipped easily into the shoe and smilingly she drew the other shoe out of her pocket and showed it to the Prince.

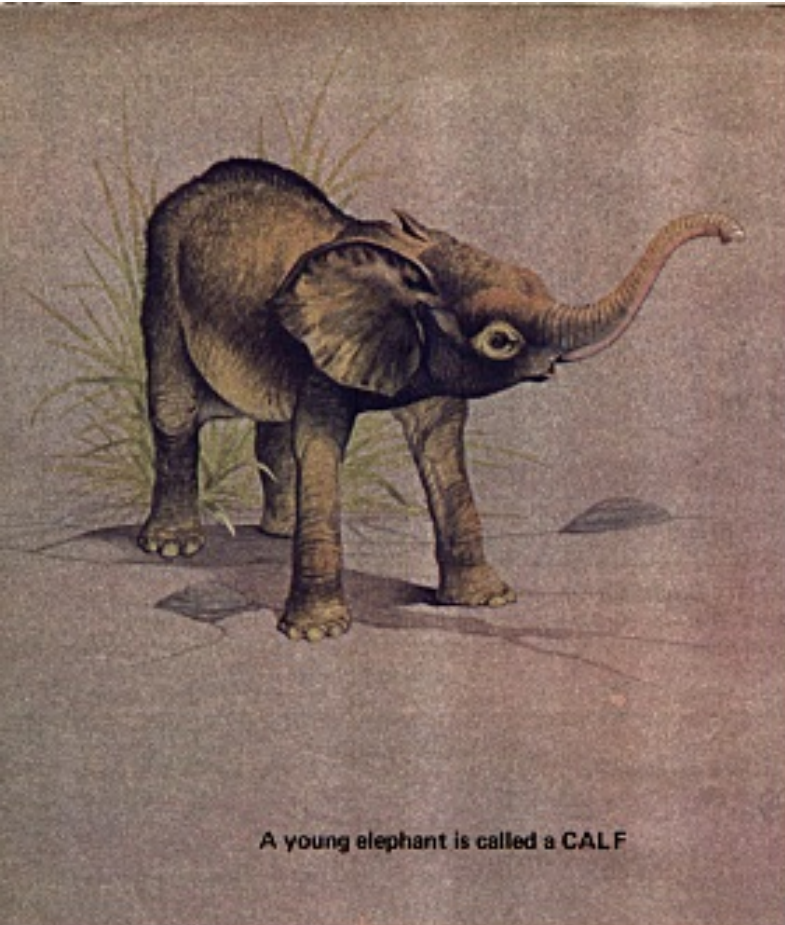


7. "You are the girl of my heart," said the Prince and taking her in his arms he kissed her fondly. "We shall be married at once," he told her. You can imagine how jealous Cinderella's stepmother and stepsisters were when they heard this.

8. The Prince led Cinderella to where his parents the King and Queen were waiting. "I have found the girl I love and want to marry," he told them. The King was very happy and gave orders for the wedding to take place at once.



9. And so Cinderella married her Prince. Her family went to the wedding, all happy because now they were related to the Royal Family. And Cinderella and her Prince lived happily ever after.



A young elephant is called a CALF

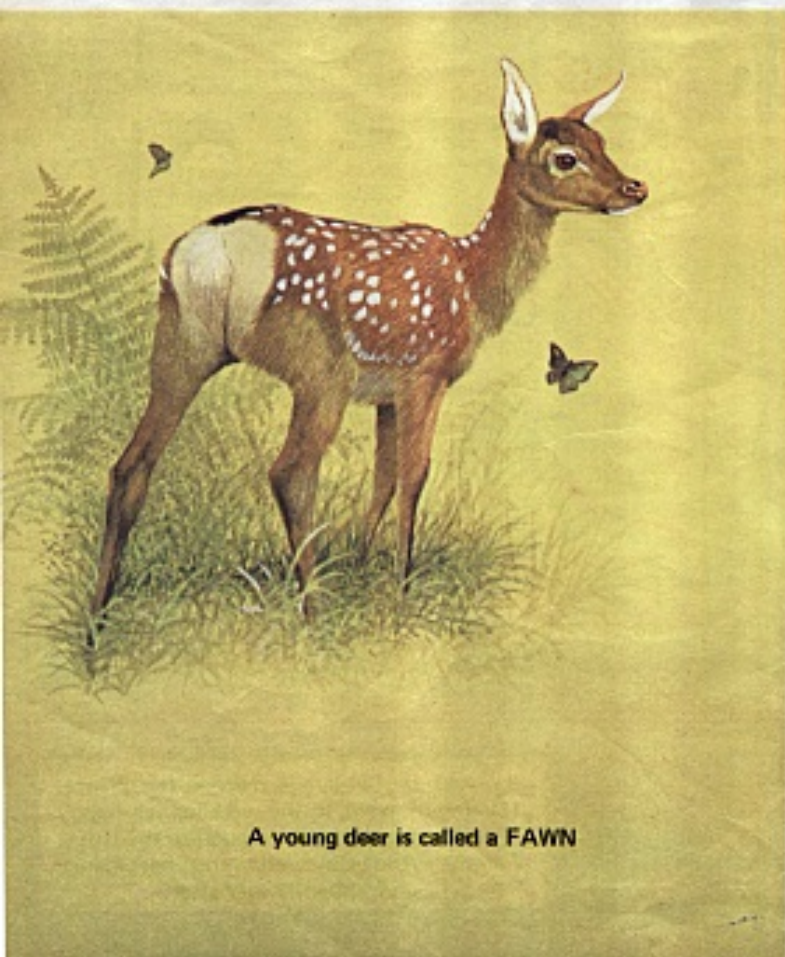


A young cat is called a KITTEN

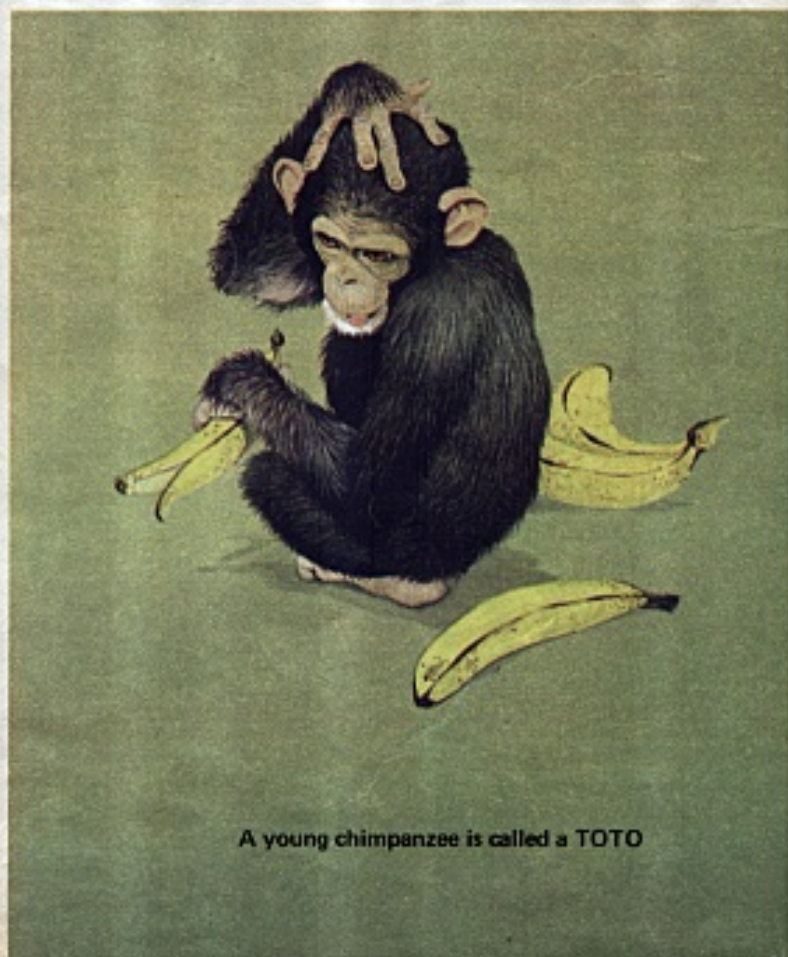


These are our "Allsorts" pages.
Every week you can see all
sorts of Allsorts.

All Sorts of



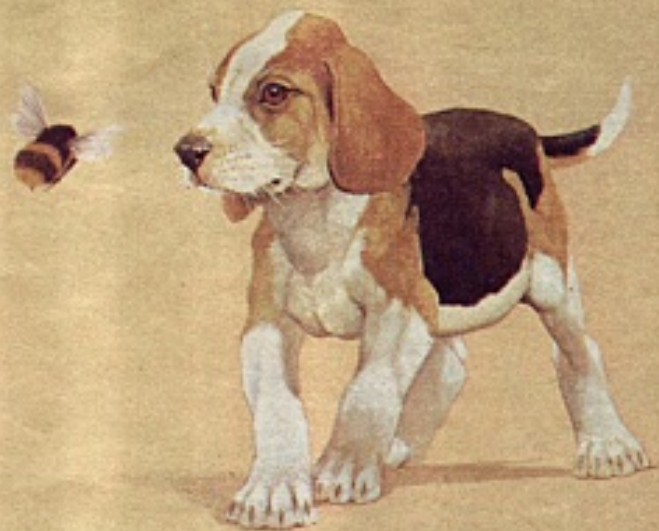
A young deer is called a FAWN



A young chimpanzee is called a TOTO



A young donkey is called a FOAL



A young dog is called a PUPPY

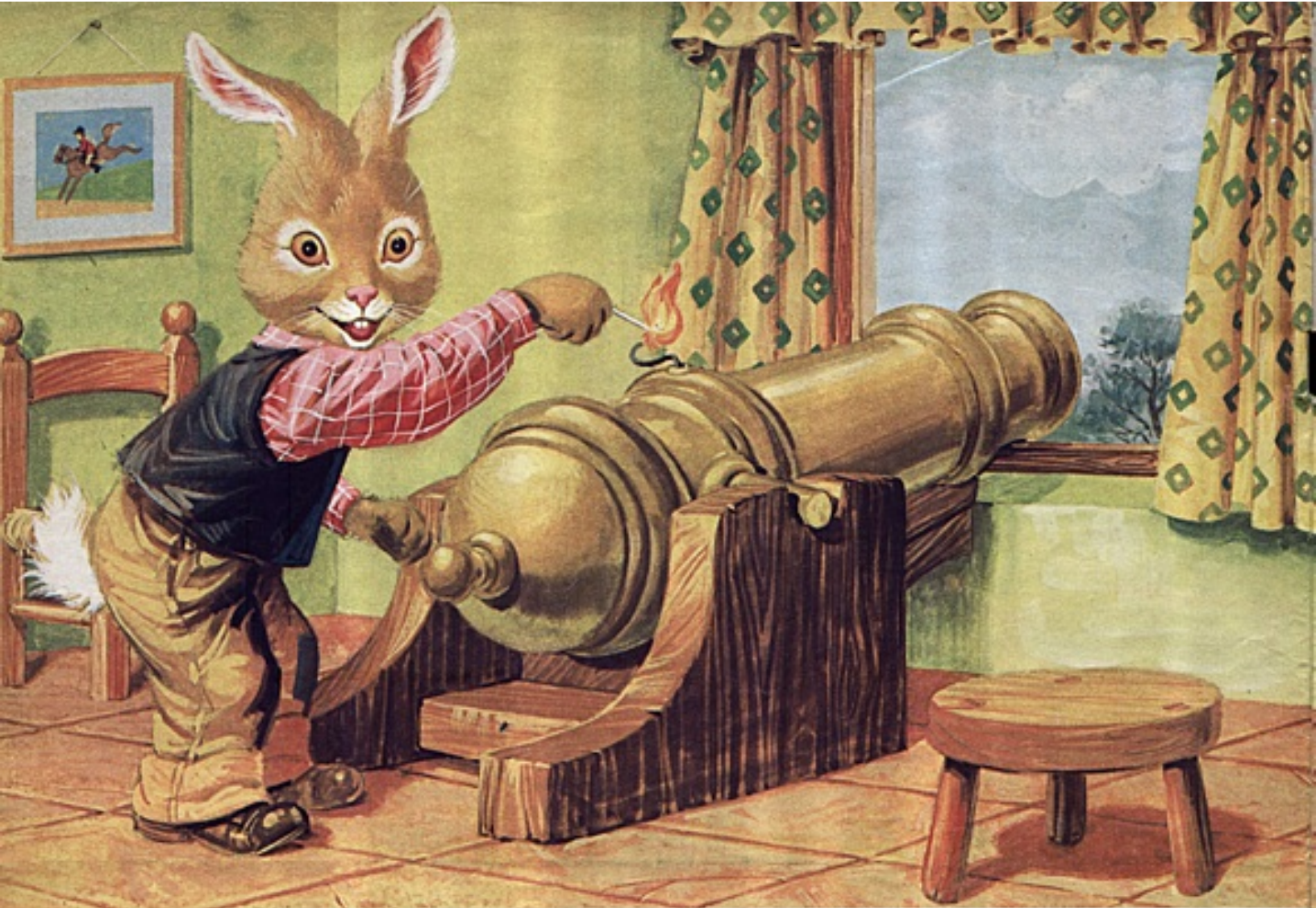
Baby Animals



A young sheep is called a LAMB



A young leopard is called a CUB



BRER RABBIT

Retold by Barbara Hayes.

How Brer Rabbit got a fine house.

WELL, boys and girls, here I am again all ready to tell you another story about that scamp Brer Rabbit.

What a naughty little chap he was, always thinking up cheeky tricks to play on the other animals. But then most of the other animals were trying to catch Brer Rabbit and turn him into rabbit stew, so you can't blame Brer Rabbit for trying to get his own back, can you?

Now one day, a long time ago, a lot of the animals got together and decided to build themselves a fine big house. There was old Brer Bear and Brer Fox and Brer Wolf and Brer 'Coon and Brer 'Possum and — yes, I'm told that Brer Mink was amongst them, too.

And of course, when Brer Rabbit saw what a fine splendid place the house was going to be, he joined in with the work, too.

At least, he said that he was joining in the

work, but really he managed to leave the work to the other creatures and Brer Rabbit just joined in the fun.

All the other creatures worked away with a will, getting the house built in double-quick time, but Brer Rabbit looked at all the tall ladders going up the side of the house and said:

"Mercy me! It would make my head spin to go up one of those high ladders. I couldn't do any work up there."

So Brer Rabbit got himself a ruler and stuck a pencil behind his ear and he went around measuring and marking and measuring and marking and looking as busy as could be.

All the folk who passed by along the road said:

"My goodness, that Brer Rabbit is working hard! Why, he's doing more work than all the other animals put together."

But really Brer Rabbit might just as well have been having a snooze for all the work he was getting done. He was just having fun, while the others did all the heavy work.

But when the house was finished, Brer

Rabbit sat down and thought for a moment and being a clever little chap, he thought:

"This is a fine house and I should love to sleep in it. But if I go to sleep in that house, with Brer Bear in one room and Brer Fox in another room and Brer Wolf in another room, I might wake up in the morning and find that I have turned into a rabbit stew. If I want to sleep safely in that fine house, then I must get the other animals out."

So Brer Rabbit picked one of the upstairs rooms for himself and when the other animals were not looking he took up a gun and one of those old brass cannons and a big wooden tub full of water.

Well, one evening the animals all had supper together and then they went into the parlour to spend the evening chatting. But Brer Rabbit went up to his room.

When Brer Rabbit reached his room he turned and called down to the other animals, "When a big man like me wants to sit down, where is he going to sit?" he said.

The other animals laughed and called back: "If a big man like you can't sit in a

chair, then he had better sit on the floor."

"Watch out downstairs then!" called Brer Rabbit, "because I'm going to sit down *now*."

And with that — BANG! — Brer Rabbit fired his gun.

Well, of course, this astonished the other creatures and they looked round at one another as much as to say, "What is that?"

"Brer Rabbit must have turned into a big chap to make a noise like that when he sits down," they thought.

But after a while they forgot all about it and went on chatting and laughing as before.

So by and by Brer Rabbit put his head out of his room and he sang out:

"When a big man like me wants to sneeze, where can he sneeze?"

And the other animals called back: "If a big man like you has the sense of a baby, he knows he can sneeze anywhere."

"Watch out down there then," called Brer Rabbit, "because I'm going to sneeze right now."

With that Brer Rabbit let off his cannon — BULDERUM—BOOM! Goodness, how the window panes rattled! And the whole house shook as if it might fall down!

Old Brer Bear was so startled he fell out of his rocking chair — WHOOMPH!

That big bang really gave the animals a fright and when they had pulled themselves together a bit, Brer Possum and Brer Mink got up and said they thought Brer Rabbit had such a bad cold that they were afraid *they* might catch it and they thought they ought to go out for some fresh air. And, of course, once they were out, they ran off.



But the other animals said they would stick it out whether Brer Rabbit had a cold or not. And soon they had smoothed down their fur and forgotten all about the big bangs and started chatting away again.

So then Brer Rabbit poked his head out from his room and sang out, "When a big man like me cleans his teeth, he needs a mighty lot of water and where shall he throw that water away?"

Of course, by this time the animals were really tired of Brer Rabbit and his shouting and they came out into the downstairs hall and they shouted up the stairs:

"Big man or little man, if you don't know where to throw the water, then we'll soon tell you."

So then Brer Rabbit called, "Well I *do* know where to throw it."

And he heaved the big tub of water down the stairs.

Well, having that big tub of water coming down the stairs was just the last straw for the other animals.

"We've had enough of Brer Rabbit," they thought and out of the house they ran to try to find somewhere a bit more peaceful to spend the night.

And Brer Rabbit smiled a smug little smile and came down and locked all the windows and all the doors and then went up and snuggled down in his bed and slept a lovely sleep in safety.

And he didn't bother his head one bit about the other animals at all, because he thought, "If those big fierce animals get frightened by a few noises and a splash of water, that's not my fault, is it?"

What do you think?

There will be another cheeky Brer Rabbit story next week.



Plants With Useful Leaves



THYME. These leaves are used for flavouring food.



MINT. Chop it up with sugar, add vinegar for mint sauce.



TEA. Tea leaves look like this when they are growing.



CABBAGE. Usually boiled in salty water. Eat lots of it.



RED CABBAGE. Very tasty in vinegar. All cabbages are good for you.



LETTUCE. Served fresh with salad. Everybody's favourite.



PARSLEY. Chop it up for parsley sauce. Also used for decoration.



SPROUTS. Boiled in salty water are very tasty.



SAGE. Mixed with onions makes stuffing for roast chicken.



BASIL. This is added to stews and salads to flavour them.



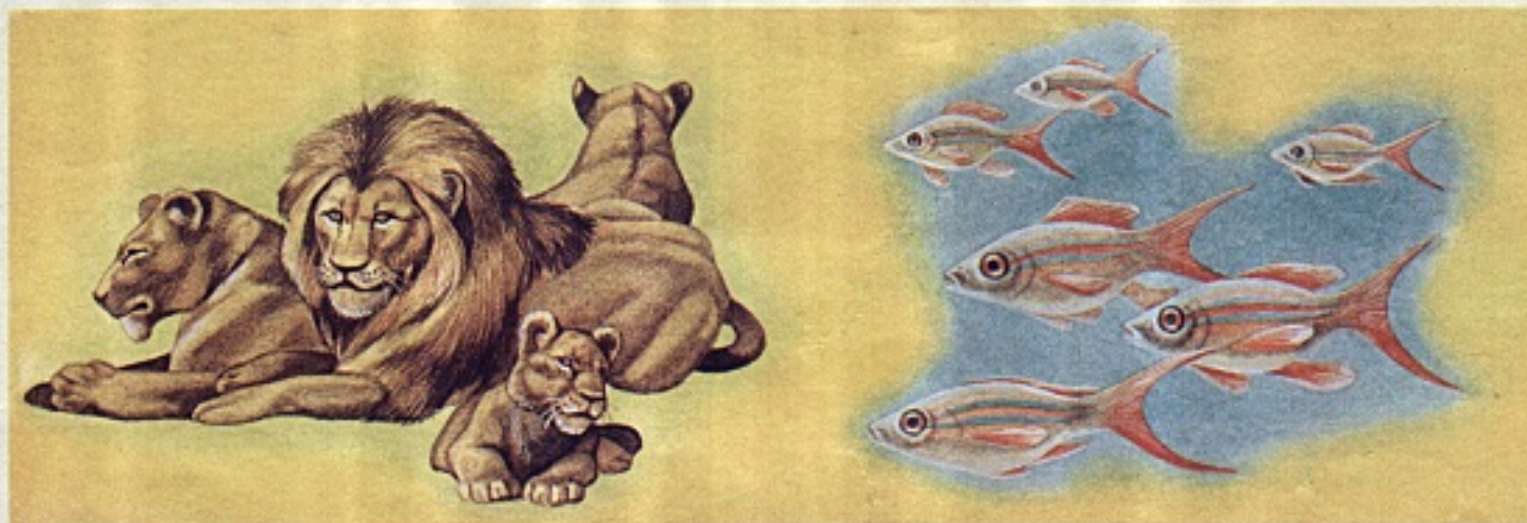
SPINACH. Boiled in salty water. Is very good for you.



TOBACCO. Once used for a long time in America as money.

NAMES OF GROUPS

Do you know that certain names are given to some groups of animals — for instance, a flock of sheep? There are six more below that you may like to remember.



A pride of lions.

A shoal of fish



A covey of partridges

A herd of cattle



A gaggle of geese

A school of porpoises.



This story is a memory test. Read it carefully and then turn to page 19 and try to answer the questions about it.

THE LITTLE BOY WHO

ONCE upon a long time ago, lots of little boys and girls did not go to school. One little boy who had never been to school was Timothy Jones. His father was an acrobat and Timothy would help him by turning cartwheels, rolling head over heels forwards and backwards, standing on his daddy's shoulders with one foot and by doing all sorts of other clever tricks.

Timothy's mother used to grumble. "Timothy should go to school," she said one day. "He would learn how to be clever and then he need not be an acrobat like you." "Tim's all right coming along with me,"

replied his father. "He is doing very well. And when he comes with me to make the people laugh, I always bring home more money, so why do you grumble?"

Mrs. Jones said nothing and went on with her work, but she knew that Timothy really wanted to go to school.

"Come along, Tim," called his father. "We are going to the horse races today. Hundreds and hundreds of people will be there. How they will laugh when they see our new acrobatic tricks."

Timothy was so excited he could not eat his breakfast and when he and his father

arrived at the race-course, he could hardly believe his eyes. Never before had he seen so many people, or so many carriages, or so many hats. His eyes and thoughts were wandering everywhere until a gentleman said: "You look hungry, young man," and took from his carriage lots of delicious food which he laid on a table-cloth on the grass. "Now," said the gentleman whose name was Mr. Woodford, "why don't you show me all the things you can do and afterwards you and your father can join me for something to eat."

That was all the encouragement Timothy needed because he had not eaten breakfast.



COULD TURN CARTWHEELS

Besides, he had seen the gentleman's coachman put a lobster on the table-cloth and he had always wanted to know what lobsters tasted like. He jumped and turned and twisted as never before and when he finished, there came a great cheer from all the people who had been watching. Mr. Woodward who had come with his wife and two grown-up daughters clapped and clapped and clapped.

Then he said: "Now let us all have a grand picnic." Timothy and his daddy sat down with Mr. Woodward and his family and Timothy ate as he had never eaten before.

When the meal was over Mr. Jones was

very surprised to hear Mr. Woodward say: "Mr. Jones, young Timothy should go to school. He may not be very old but he is a clever little boy. I would like you and your wife to come and live in my large house and work for me. Then Timothy would be able to go to school."

"What a good idea," smiled Mrs. Woodward. Timothy held his breath. If only his father would say "Yes."

Mr. Jones thought for a little while and then said: "Thank you, sir. You are very kind. I will ask my wife but I'm sure she will accept."

"Then it's settled," said Mr. Woodward. "I will expect you all next Monday morning, at half past eight."

When lunch was over Timothy and his father hurried home to tell Mrs. Jones the good news.

"You see," said Mr. Jones to his wife, "I knew it was a good idea to take young Tim with me."

And Timothy was so excited he turned fifty cartwheels without stopping.

(Now turn to page 19 for the questions.)

The picture "Derby Day" by W.P. Frith is reproduced by permission of the Tate Gallery, London S.W.1.



ALADDIN and his Wonderful Lamp



1. When Aladdin's mother returned home and told her son what the King had demanded in return for his daughter's hand in marriage, Aladdin roared with laughter. "Dry your eyes, mother," he said, for his mother was weeping. "The King's wishes are easy to carry out. Leave it all to me."



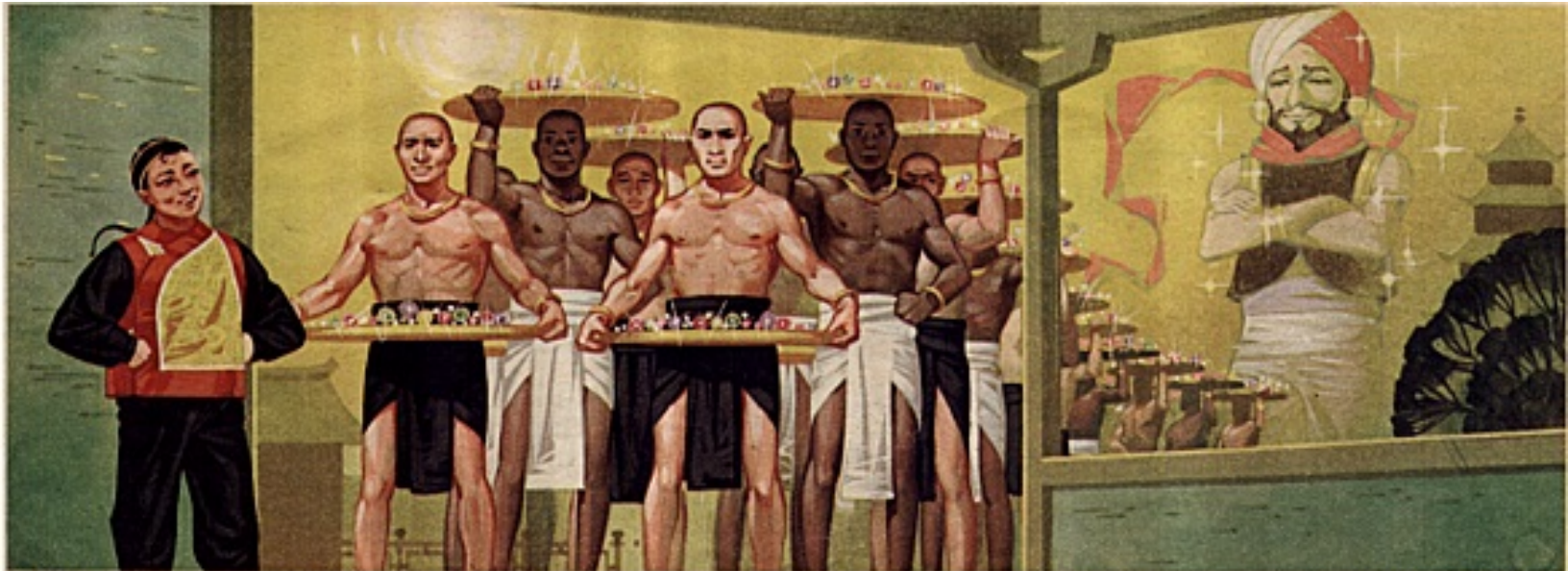
2. "Go for a walk. You'll feel better," Aladdin said. As soon as his mother had left the house, he ran to an upstairs room. Quickly he wrote out all the things the King had asked for. Then he opened a chest and took out the Magic Lamp. It had lain there ever since Aladdin was a boy.



3. Aladdin looked at the Magic Lamp for a few moments, drew a deep breath — and rubbed it swiftly! There came the sound of a roll of distant drums, a blinding flash and there once again, before Aladdin's wondering eyes, stood the Slave of the Lamp. "What are your wishes, O Master?" said he. Aladdin smiled. "I was hoping you would come," he said. "I have written out my wishes."



4. He held out the notes he had written. The Slave took a pair of spectacles from his pocket and read the King's demands. "Thy wishes are my command, O Master!" he chuckled. "First, the twenty Greek and twenty African slaves bearing trays of magic jewels! Simple. Come outside with me." Aladdin followed him into the garden.



5. The Slave clapped his hands and before Aladdin could blink his eyes twice, forty slaves appeared, every one carrying a tray of jewels.

"And now," laughed the Slave, "you want a palace built beside the King's palace, but yours must be more splendid than his. Easy!"



6. Again the Slave clapped his hands. In the same instant a marvellous palace sprang up, right beside the palace of the King.

It gleamed in many colours and altogether it made the King's palace look quite shabby. "Anything else?" asked the Slave.



7. "Yes," replied Aladdin. "I must now go to the King's palace to claim the hand of the Princess Badroul. I want rich clothes, a snow-white horse, a beautiful dress for my mother and a palanquin."

Yet once again the Slave clapped his hands and Aladdin's wishes were carried out. A little later a wondrous procession passed through the streets of the city. Aladdin was on his way to meet his bride.

Isn't this a wonderful tale? Next week Aladdin meets the lovely Princess.



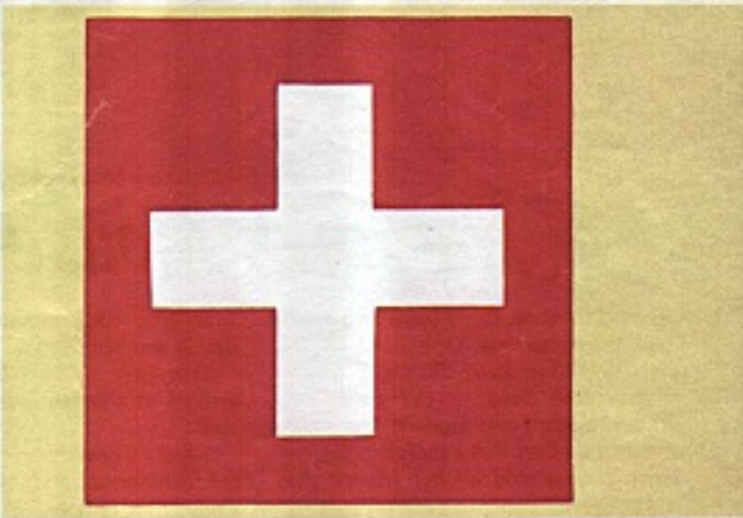
BEAUTIFUL PICTURES

Sir Edwin Landseer was an artist who was famous for his pictures of animals. This painting of his, which is called "Shoeing" shows a blacksmith putting a new shoe on a beautiful horse. The donkey and the dog seem very interested in what the blacksmith is doing, don't they? (The picture is reproduced by permission of the Tate Gallery, London, S. W. 1)

Take a walk around Switzerland

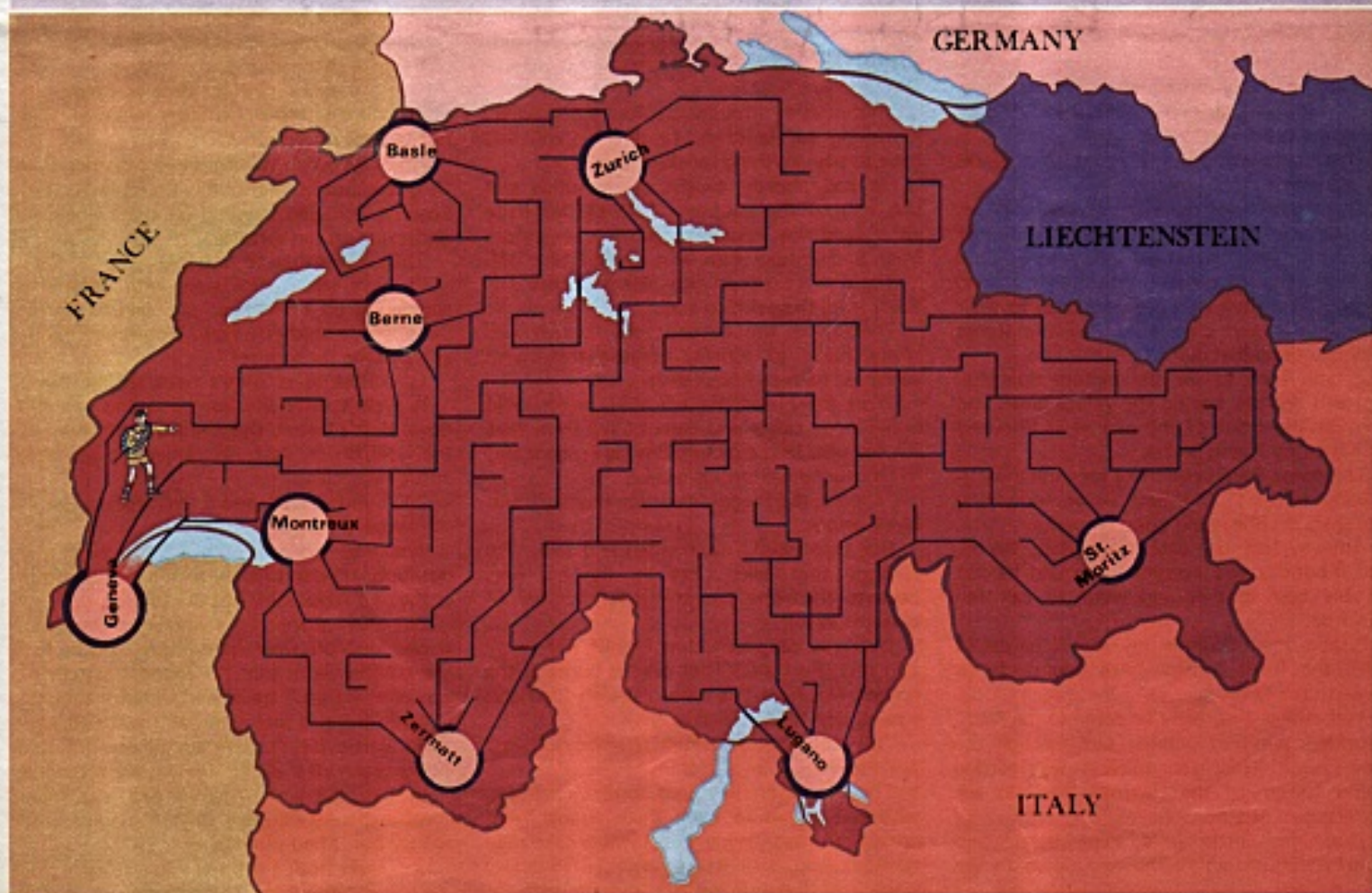
Switzerland lies in the very heart of Europe. It is a little country with big mountains and lakes. If you look at the map of Europe (below), Switzerland is the tiny country marked with a white cross. People come from all over the world to take their holidays in Switzerland. In winter thousands of holiday-makers go for winter-sports. They race down the mountains on toboggans and skis.

Below is the flag of Switzerland. You all have heard of the Red Cross Society. It helps suffering people all over the world and was first formed as a result of the wonderful work of a Swiss named Henri Dunant. He organised help for thousands of wounded soldiers after a great battle in Italy, in 1859. Because of this, the Red Cross flag is the Swiss flag in reverse – a red cross on a white background.



Suppose you are going for a walking holiday all round Switzerland. Try to find your way (without crossing a black line) from Geneva to Berne (which is the capital city of Switzerland) and then to Basle

(say Barl); from Basle to Zurich (say Zoorick) and then to St. Moritz, Lugano and Zermatt; from Zermatt to Montreux (say Mont-rer) and back to Geneva.





This week the Country Mouse goes to a fair.

by Barbara Hayes.

The Town Mouse and the Country Mouse

ONCE upon a time there were two mice. They were cousins. One lived in the town and one lived in the country. The mouse who lived in the town was very smart and elegant and modern. Her name was Stephanie, but that was a secret.

The Town Mouse told all her friends that her name was Steve.

"Steve sounds very modern," thought the Town Mouse. "Stephanie is old-fashioned and country bumpkinish, just like my cousin who lives in the country."

The cousin who Stephanie — I mean, Steve — was talking about was the country mouse of our stories and her name was Winifred.

Now life for Winifred in the country was much slower and more old-fashioned than life in the town with Steve.

There was no gadding about to theatres and staying up late.

The big event of the year for Winifred was the fair held on the village green on summer Bank Holiday. Then all the village folk would get together and have fun, until the sun started to set. Then they would scurry back to their cosy homes and chat about all the things they had done that day.

If you look at the big picture opposite, you can see the fair on the village green and right at the front of the picture is Winifred with her boy friend Bertie.

The name Bertie was short for something — Albert, Herbert, Cuthbert — or something like that. No one could quite remember.

Anyway, on the day of the fair, Bertie, had a holiday like everyone else and he put on his best clothes and went to call for Winifred.

"Hallo there, Winnie my love," he called from the front garden. "Are you ready to come to the fair?"

"Of course I'm ready to come to the fair!" chuckled Winifred coming out through the front door. "Did you think I was getting ready to go to the dentist? You do ask unnecessary questions, Bertie."

And that little joke kept Bertie and Winifred chuckling all the way down to the village green.

It only took simple little things to make Bertie and Winifred laugh.

The first thing Winifred saw when they arrived at the fair was Mrs. Badger's goldfish stall.

"Just throw a ring over the top of a goldfish bowl and it is yours, my dear," smiled Mrs. Badger. "Three rings for sixpence."

"Oh I must have a go!" smiled Winifred. But she found throwing the rings more difficult than it looked and she had to spend three sixpences before she won a goldfish.

"I would rather have an ice cream than waste my money on goldfish," said Bertie, who wasn't a bit adventurous. So he did.

But can you see what is going on behind Mrs. Badger?

That naughty little mouse, Rex the Wrecker, is fishing for goldfish, so that he will not have to pay anything for them at all.

He had already caught one goldfish and put it into the jar being held by his little sister and he caught another one before Mrs. Badger saw him and chased him off.

There were other nice things at the fair apart from the goldfish stall.

There was the coconut shy, which was really made of acorns, because they were easier for mice to knock over.

Then there was the tea stall, which sold home-made cakes and cups of tea from that big tea urn. In the picture Phyllis Fusspot and her mother are choosing a cake.

"I want the biggest cake for Phyllis," said Mrs. Fusspot.

But then Phyllis interrupted and said, "No I want that cake next to the big one, because that one has the most number of currants in it."

"Oh, you can't have that, Phyllis, my dear," said Mrs. Fusspot. "That cake is burnt at the corner. No, have this other cake on the right. I think that has jam inside."

"I'll only have it if it's strawberry jam," said Phyllis.

They went on like that until Mrs. Stoat, who was trying to serve them almost went cross-eyed from trying to see which cake they wanted. And poor little Tessie Timid-mouse waiting at the side of the stall thought she

would never get served before the fair was over. But, of course, she was too shy to say anything.

Have you ever had to stand in a queue behind anyone like Phyllis Fusspot?

Behind Tessie Timid-mouse, you can see Mrs. Frog pushing her baby tadpole along in its pram.

"Look at that lovely balloon Freddie Hedgehog has," the little tadpole was saying. "Will you buy me one, please mummy?"

"Yes," smiled Mrs. Frog, "and I expect your balloon will last longer than Freddie's. He will be lucky to get his home without bursting it on his prickles."

Being a hedgehog with prickles must be difficult, mustn't it? Next time you play with your balloon, remember how lucky you are not to have prickles like Freddie.

Anyway, when Winifred had won her goldfish, she put it under the tea-table for safe keeping and had a swing on the swingboats and a ride on the tortoise.

Then it was time to go home.

"I have left a nice stew with dumplings simmering on the stove," she said to Bertie. "It must be ready by now. Would you like to come home for supper?"

Of course, Bert didn't need asking twice.

It wasn't until the last dumpling had slid down Bert's throat, that Winifred remembered the goldfish in its bowl under the tea-table at the fair.

"Will you go back and fetch it for me Bert?" she asked.

Well Bert was very slow at answering that question. It wasn't nearly such a nice question as the one about stew and dumplings.

But then there was a knock at the door. It was Mr Mole the road-sweeper, and he had the goldfish with him. "I found this when I was clearing up," he smiled, "and I thought I would bring it into you, as I was passing."

So Bertie didn't have to go back to the village green after all and the day wasn't spoilt.

In fact, he and Winifred had just spent another happy country day. It hadn't been swifty but it had suited them.

Next week I will tell you a story about the Town Mouse.





PINOCCHIO

The story of a mischievous wooden puppet who has run away from home.

AFTER a walk of half an hour Pinocchio reached a little village called "The village of the Busy Bees." The road was alive with people running here and there: all were at work, all had something to do. You could not have found an idler or an out-of-work fellow, not even if you had searched for him with a lighted lamp.

"Ah!" said that lazy Pinocchio at once, "I see that this village will never suit me! I wasn't born to work!"

In the meanwhile he began to feel very hungry indeed. What was he to do?

There were only two ways by which he could obtain food — either by asking for a little work or by begging for a halfpenny or a mouthful of bread.

At that moment a man came down the road, tired and panting for breath. He was dragging along, with great difficulty, a cart full of coal. He looked tired out.

Pinocchio, judging by his face that he was a kind man, went towards him, and casting down his eyes with shame he said in a low voice:

"Would you have the kindness to give me a halfpenny, for I am dying of hunger?"

"You shall have not only a halfpenny," said the man, "but I will give you twopence, provided that you help me to drag home this cart of coal."

"I am surprised at you!" answered the

puppet in a tone of offence. "Let me tell you that I refuse to do the work of a donkey: I have never drawn a cart! . . ."

"So much the better for you," answered the man. "Then, my boy, if you are really dying of hunger, eat two fine slices of your pride, and be careful not to get indigestion." And away went he.

In less than half an hour twenty other people went by; and Pinocchio asked of them all for money but they all answered:

"Are you not ashamed to beg? Instead of idling about the roads, go and look for a little work and learn to earn your bread."

At last a nice little woman carrying two cans of water came by.

"Will you let me drink a little water out of your can?" asked Pinocchio, who was burning with thirst.

"Drink my boy, if you wish it!" said the little woman, setting down the two cans.

Pinocchio drank like a fish, and as he dried his mouth he mumbled:

"I have quenched my thirst. If I could only get rid of my hunger! . . ."

The good woman hearing these words said:

"If you will help me to carry home these two cans of water, I will give you a fine piece of bread."

Pinocchio looked at the can and answered neither yes nor no.

"And besides the bread you shall have a nice

dish of fish and chips," added the good woman.

Pinocchio gave another look at the cans and answered neither yes nor no.

"And after the fish and chips I will give you a beautiful pancake full of syrup."

The thought of the pancake full of syrup was so great that Pinocchio could resist no longer and he said:

"Very well. I will carry the cans to your house."

When they reached the house the good little woman made Pinocchio sit down at a small table already laid and she placed before him the bread, the fish and chips and the pancake.

Pinocchio ate and ate and ate. His stomach was like a house that had been left empty for five months.

When at last he had finished eating, he raised his head and looked at the little old woman. As he did so, he saw, to his great wonder, that she was changing into a beautiful fairy with sky-blue wings.

"Who are you?" asked Pinocchio, his mouth wide open in astonishment.

"I am your Good Fairy and I know all about you and your adventures," replied the Fairy. "I am here to help you."

Pinocchio gulped. This seemed too good to be true.

"In that case," said he, "I'd like to be a real boy instead of a puppet."

"And you will become one, if you know how to deserve it . . ."

"Not really? What can I do to deserve it?"

"A very easy thing: by learning to be a good boy," said the Fairy.

"And you think I am not?" asked Pinocchio.

"Good boys always speak the truth . . ."

"And I don't."

"Good boys go willingly to school . . ."

"And school gives me pain all over my body. But from today I will change my life."

"Do you promise me?"

"I promise you. I will become a good little boy, and I will be my papa's pride and joy. By the way, do you know what has happened to my papa?"

"No," answered the Fairy.

"Shall I ever have the happiness of seeing him again and kissing him?"

"I think so; indeed I am sure of it."

"Oh, how delightful!" shouted Pinocchio.

"You must obey me and do everything that I bid you."

"Willingly, willingly, willingly!"

"Tomorrow," rejoined the Fairy, "you will begin to go to school."

And Pinocchio answered: "I will study, I will work, I will do all that you tell me, for indeed I have become weary of being a puppet, and I wish at any price to become a boy. You promised me that I should, did you not?"

"I did promise you, and it now depends upon yourself."

The following day Pinocchio went to the government school.

Imagine the delight of all the little boys when they saw a puppet walk into their school! They set up a roar of laughter that

never ended. They played him all sorts of tricks. One boy poured ink over his boots, another tried to trip him up.

At this all the boys roared with more laughter and one of them stretched out his hand to seize the puppet by the end of his nose.

But he was not in time, for Pinocchio gave him a great kick on his shins.

"Oh, what hard feet!" roared the boy, rubbing the bruise that the puppet had given him.

Then Pinocchio elbowed another boy in the side.

"And what elbows! . . . even harder than feet! . . ." said the second boy.

But nevertheless the kick and the blow earned at once for Pinocchio the respect of all the boys in the school. They all made friends with him and liked him heartily.

And even the master praised him, for he found him attentive, studious, and clever — always the first to come to school, and the last to leave when school was over.

A year passed by and Pinocchio worked very very hard.

Indeed, at the examinations before the holidays, he had the honour of being the first in the school, and his behaviour in general was so satisfactory and praiseworthy that the Fairy was very much pleased. She came and said to him:

"Tomorrow you shall cease to be a wooden puppet, and you shall become a boy."

No one could ever imagine Pinocchio's joy at this long-sighed-for good fortune. All his schoolfellows were to be invited for the following day to a grand breakfast at the Fairy's house, that they might celebrate together the

great event. The Fairy prepared two hundred cups of coffee and milk, and four hundred rolls cut and buttered on each side. The day promised to be most happy and delightful, but . . .

Unfortunately in the lives of puppets there is always a "but" that spoils everything.

More about Pinocchio next week.

Here are the questions about the lovely story on the centre pages. Try to answer the questions and then re-read the story to see if you have answered them correctly.

1. What was the little boy's name?
2. Did he eat his breakfast?
3. What was the name of the kind gentleman?
4. How many daughters did the gentleman have?
5. How many cartwheels did the little boy turn when he reached home?

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Knows all the answers



The Wise Old Owl is here to answer many interesting questions for you.



1. Do you know what city was built on mud?
"The city is Venice, in Northern Italy. It stands on a group of mud islands, separated by waterways and narrow canals. When it was being built, hundreds of years ago, thousands of wooden piles were driven into the mud to support the weight of the buildings."



2. What bird is well known as a thief?
"The magpie, which is a member of the crow family, is well known for its thieving habits. Whenever it sees something bright and shining, a magpie will pick it up and take it back to its nest. A magpie feeds mostly on insects, snails and worms."



3. Is it possible to tell the age of a fish?
"Experts can tell the age of many fishes by examining its scales. These scales have a number of tiny rings on them, and each ring stands for a year in a fish's life. So that if there are thirteen rings on a scale, this means the fish has lived for thirteen years."



4. What is the tallest animal in the world?
"The giraffe is the tallest animal to be found anywhere. A giraffe is often as much as eighteen feet tall. The giraffe has very long legs and this makes it very difficult for it to drink without stretching out its front legs in the most awkward manner."



5. What is known as a bear, but not really a bear at all?
"It is that cuddly-looking animal the Koala bear, which lives in Australia. The Koala is not a member of the bear family, though it does look like a bear, doesn't it? They were given their name by the Australian natives and the name means a 'stupid or very silly fellow'."



6. What is the only animal which has four legs and can also fly?
"It is the bat, a strange looking creature which only appears at night. In the daytime they live in caves and the roofs of buildings. Bats live mostly on insects. They seldom alight on the ground for they cannot spring off a flat surface into the air. They must climb up a little distance before taking off in flight."